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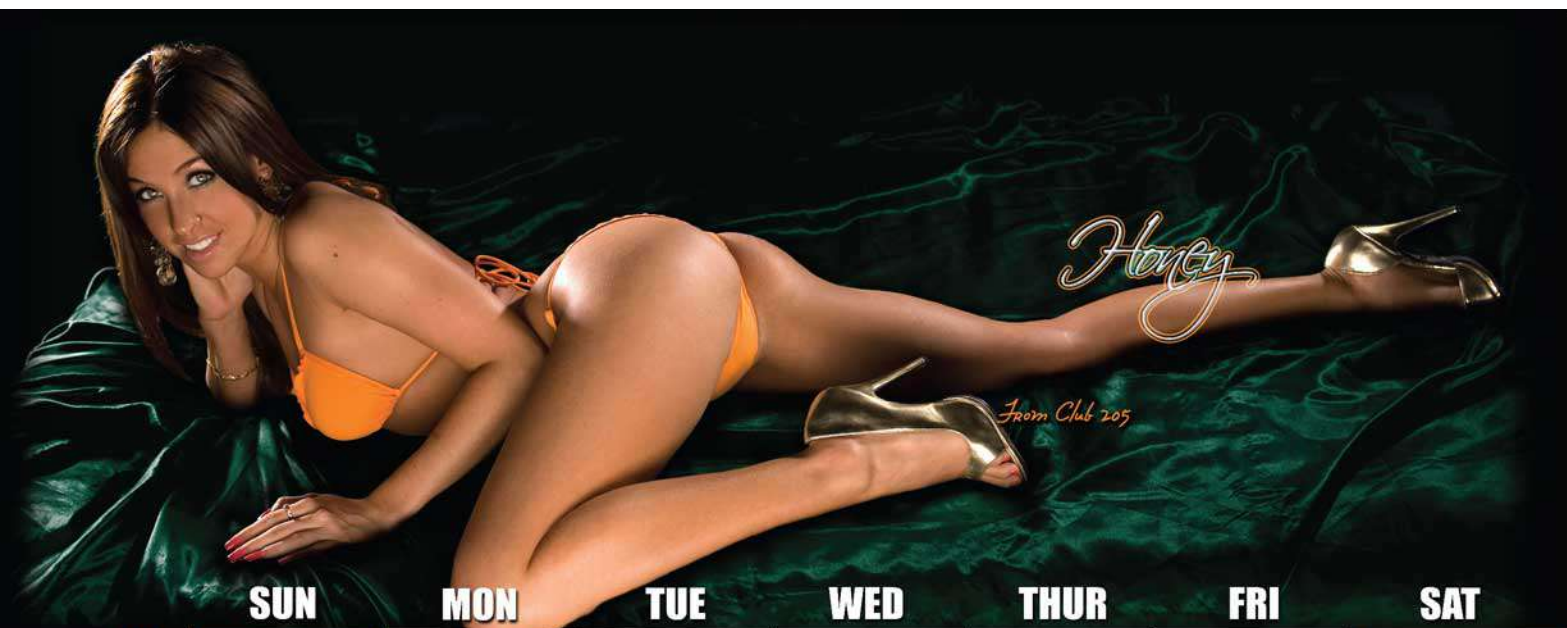
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		1 Concrete Blonde, Jaden Smith & Noah Stone @ Barbott's Victor Wooten @ Aladdin Theater Box of Chocolates @ Kennedy School	2 Exotic Presents: Xatino Go-Go @ Dante's Jesse Williams @ Aladdin Theater Hank Wilson, The Grass Roots, The Field Sessions @ Wonder Ballroom Bright Eyes @ Crystal Ballroom Felix @ Barbott's	3 Pretty Ricky, Axl H Bone, Butterbeans & 135 @ Wonder Theater King of Leon @ Crystal Ballroom Mondo One @ Dante's The Rascals @ Wonder Ballroom Coco Kase @ Wonder Ballroom	4 Pro-Guns & May Party @ Dante's Andrew Bar @ Crystal Ballroom Explosion in the Sky @ Wonder Ballroom Loblaw & Mervyn Dukes @ Dante's Machines, Against Me & Carole @ Wonder Theater Joseph Arthur @ Street of Trick & Trick @ Dante's	5 Paradox Twin @ Freddy's Playhouse Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82 Club 82, 200, Andy's, Sushie & Midsouth Spotlight @ Wonder Ballroom Shaw @ Club 82 @ Barbott's Bustling Record Launch Party @ Dante's
6 The Alternative Route @ Dante's Scream 3, Dimes @ Dante's @ Dante's Coco @ Wonder Ballroom	7 Andrzejewski, Celine D, Anderson @ Wonder Theater	8 Tori Dugg, Road Show @ Wonder Ballroom The Motion Picture @ Wonder Ballroom Angela Bofill @ Aladdin Theater	9 Exotic Presents: Xatino Go-Go @ Dante's Jesse Williams @ Aladdin Theater Hank Wilson, The Grass Roots, The Field Sessions @ Wonder Ballroom Bright Eyes @ Crystal Ballroom Felix @ Barbott's	10 Mozz Magic @ Dante's 2007 Presents @ Dante's Dante's @ Dante's Machines @ Dante's Machines @ Dante's Machines @ Dante's Machines @ Dante's	11 Grand Opening Party @ Freddy's Playhouse Taylor Hicks @ Crystal Ballroom The Pussycat Dolls @ Wonder Ballroom Black Label @ Wonder Ballroom The 11 @ Wonder Ballroom And Another Thing @ Wonder Ballroom	12 Crych & Sub @ Club 82 Swan @ Club 82 Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82 Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82 Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82 Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82
13 The Greg Wilson Performance @ Dante's Jeri Lynn & Her Gang @ Aladdin Theater	14 Peter Dinklage, John, John & Mervyn @ Dante's Anything @ Wonder Ballroom	15 The Silencers @ Wonder Ballroom The View @ Dante's Katie Couric @ Aladdin Theater	16 Exotic Presents: Xatino Go-Go @ Dante's Jesse Williams @ Aladdin Theater Hank Wilson, The Grass Roots, The Field Sessions @ Wonder Ballroom Bright Eyes @ Crystal Ballroom Felix @ Barbott's	17 Mozz Magic @ Dante's 2007 Presents @ Dante's Dante's @ Dante's Machines @ Dante's Machines @ Dante's Machines @ Dante's Machines @ Dante's	18 Paradox Twin @ Freddy's Playhouse Taylor Hicks @ Crystal Ballroom The Pussycat Dolls @ Wonder Ballroom Black Label @ Wonder Ballroom The 11 @ Wonder Ballroom And Another Thing @ Wonder Ballroom	19 Paradox Twin @ Freddy's Playhouse Taylor Hicks @ Crystal Ballroom The Pussycat Dolls @ Wonder Ballroom Black Label @ Wonder Ballroom The 11 @ Wonder Ballroom And Another Thing @ Wonder Ballroom
20 Tori Dugg, Road Show @ Wonder Ballroom The Motion Picture @ Wonder Ballroom Angela Bofill @ Aladdin Theater	21 Celine D, Anderson @ Wonder Theater	22 Jesse Williams @ Aladdin Theater Hank Wilson, The Grass Roots, The Field Sessions @ Wonder Ballroom Bright Eyes @ Crystal Ballroom Felix @ Barbott's	23 Exotic Presents: Xatino Go-Go @ Dante's Jesse Williams @ Aladdin Theater Hank Wilson, The Grass Roots, The Field Sessions @ Wonder Ballroom Bright Eyes @ Crystal Ballroom Felix @ Barbott's	24 The Black Angels @ Dante's The 11 @ Wonder Ballroom Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82 Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82 Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82 Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82	25 Celine D, Anderson @ Wonder Theater The 11 @ Wonder Ballroom Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82 Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82 Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82 Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82	26 A New Anniversary Party @ Dante's Taylor Hicks @ Crystal Ballroom The Pussycat Dolls @ Wonder Ballroom Black Label @ Wonder Ballroom The 11 @ Wonder Ballroom And Another Thing @ Wonder Ballroom
27 Mozz Magic @ Dante's 2007 Presents @ Dante's Dante's @ Dante's Machines @ Dante's Machines @ Dante's Machines @ Dante's Machines @ Dante's	28 Mozz Magic @ Dante's 2007 Presents @ Dante's Dante's @ Dante's Machines @ Dante's Machines @ Dante's Machines @ Dante's Machines @ Dante's	29	30 Exotic Presents: Xatino Go-Go @ Dante's Jesse Williams @ Aladdin Theater Hank Wilson, The Grass Roots, The Field Sessions @ Wonder Ballroom Bright Eyes @ Crystal Ballroom Felix @ Barbott's	31 Nicky K @ Dante's The 11 @ Wonder Ballroom Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82 Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82 Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82 Coco de Mer Theater, Cabaret @ Club 82		

THE J. MACK REPORT



As I try to shake this hangover from last night, I still feel it's my responsibility to let my loyal readers know that you are all appreciated! I will always keep it real with y'all no matter what the topic may be. In this column, I'll be puttin' everyone up on some upcoming events as well as some functions that were on and crackin' last month. You will also be able to peep the winner of my first "Hot Mama" contest which took place at Safari Showclub. Plus the DJ Spotlight shines again! On top of that, I'm still presenting you with another sexy "Honey of the Month." She's absolutely beautiful, and she's 'bout it! Then there's an issue that I gotz to address in regards to the stereotypical blind folks that are still leaving people in the dark. Let's get it goin'!

First Up... "Communication Gaps"

As we all know, hip-hop music has now become the new pop music due to the fact that the majority of radio stations and nightclubs have no other choice but to give it love. Even though it is now the most popular music in the world, there are still ridiculous stereotypes that go with it. Why is it that anytime there's a fight or a shooting at a club or a concert, it gets blamed on the music that was being played instead of the intoxicants that might have been in those individuals' systems? Before the hip-hop culture and any rap album was ever produced, there were countless brawls and incidents at country & western bars and rock concerts that were never blamed on the music. As a promoter and an artist myself, I continuously see and feel the pressure that many local club owners are under because of the music they play. The OLCC makes tons of loot off of hip-hop-oriented clubs and concerts, yet they continue to try and dictate the rules for these establishments. They are so quick to pass judgment on a culture that they will never be able to dispose of. I think that in general, communication between the hip-hop community, city officials, and the OLCC has been absent. I would love to meet with them and share my views and possible solutions for these recurring ordeals that we all have seen. They can't honestly say that hip-hop draws the wrong crowd of people when every nationality loves it! Let's bridge these gaps!

whatz crackin'?

by j.mack

Next Up... "J.Mack's Hot Mama Contest"

It goes down every 1st and 3rd Sunday of each month at The Safari Showclub. I'm on a mission to find the "Hottest" female entertainer in the town! The contest is open to all dancers and all clubs. The first one was on and "Crackin'" 4REAL! The contestants were judged on stage performance, sex appeal, and the crowd response. In between each round of the competition, I had some of the area's hottest artists perform live on the main stage: Lil' B, (a.k.a. China Red) rocked the mic with a couple new joints off her upcoming album. When she performed her second song, all the contestants joined her on stage and popped it, if you know what I mean! Then the catz of **WET Coast Entertainment**, not to be mistaken with West Coast Entertainment, hit the packed house with one of their hot new singles. These fellas are true to their music, and I look forward to having them perform again at the club. My judges that scored the first event also had a blast that night! Big ups to Joel of Exotica International and Fox. Much love to Mocha, Tye Tye, Juicy, and Brian of 503girls.com for also helping judge the contest. I couldn't have done it without y'all.

The winner of each contest advances on to the finals taking place in September. To all "Hot Mamas" out there, the next contests will be Sunday, May 6th and Sunday, May 20th at the Safari. To sign up for the contest, you must bring your ID and get there by 9pm. The first 10 ladies to sign up will be in it for sure. Congratulations to **Siyonna**, who was the winner of the first week of competition. See you in the final round, baby! The Safari Showclub is located at 3000 SE Powell. Spread the word and come kick it!



DI GARETH & J.MACK



NAOMI

DJ Spotlight

This month it shines on **DJ Gareth**, who has been in the game for years and is still holdin' it down! Me and this cat have had the pleasure of joining forces on numerous occasions and locations to get it crackin'! DJ Gareth is well-known to the industry yet remains quite humble. He loves what he does, and he does it well! Big Ups, man, and I'll see you at the next function...

Honey of the Month

This month's Honey is the sweet & sexy **Naomi**. Not only is she fly, but she also is one of the best female promoters in Portland! Her and her man Steve keep it crackin' all around the town with their company "Flawless Productions." They are the ones that bring you "The Ladies of the Industry Party" at the Vintage. Make sure to come out and support her functions. She does it real BIG! The last ones I've attended have been on and poppin'! Much love, sweetheart, and congratulations for being the May 2007 Honey of the Month!



SIYONNA & J.MACK

WET COAST ENTERTAINMENT



One Love,
J.Mack

Whatz Crackin' Sponsor

503girls.com—just log on and you will see why it remains Portland's #1 adult-entertainment website! This spot has it all, from the hot chicks to the hottest clubs and businesses. Keep up the good work, "B." Make sure to also check out **xmag.com** and **whatzcrackin.com**.

Until next month, ya'll keep it crackin'!



Exotic City

by Spooky X

"Nothing but the naked truth"

May 2007

EXOTIC MAGAZINE WANTS YOU!

That's right; I just might be talking to you, so pay attention. I'm currently looking for an editorial contributor or two to write for *Exotic*. Now, I don't know if you guys are paying attention or not, but our editorial staff is a bit geographically challenged as of late. I'm out here in Seattle, and "Top Gun Goad" is randomly wandering the US on his eternal quest in researching all things decadent. We do some good shit, but one of the things that makes a local publication such as this a little more fun is LOCAL coverage. We are now accepting submissions for a monthly music columnist to feature up-and-coming PDX acts to be featured in *Exotic*. In addition, we are looking for writers to cover other local Oregon event assignments. Note, we are absolutely NOT looking for erotic-fiction writers; save the *Penthouse Forum* fantasies for *Penthouse Forum*. We're looking for cynical, witty, edgy, and sexy attitudes. Think that's you? Then hit us up! Email all inquiries to xmag@qwest.net, attn: John Voigt, and you just might make the big time, baby. I'll be honest: Hot chicks with naughty attitudes would definitely be a plus; we're *Exotic* magazine, after all. Training contributors will be paid in warm P.B.R. and back issues, but once you pass the trial period, we just might throw you a few bucks! So for now, on with the show...

IN THE CLUBS:

PDX has Fiesta Fever this month with more Cinco De Mayo celebrations than immigrants have green cards. First on the list is **Cabaret I and II's** Cinco De Mayo Party. (I'm only gonna tell you this once: Cinco De Mayo is on May 5th.) Both clubs will also be hosting Memorial Day weekend parties all weekend long Saturday, May 26th through Monday, May 28th. Feature shows every weekend at Cabaret II and daily specials 12pm-8pm at Cabaret I and 3pm-8pm at Cabaret I.

Club 82 is doing the Cinco De Mayo thing, plus an 80s Flashback Party on Saturday, May 19th with a big hair and mullet contest. Come test your 80s karaoke skills. Club 82 presents live music every other weekend with live music from Grymch and Sub*Vert on Saturday, May 12th... Lucabrazzi, The Altar Boys, and 3 Inch Max on Saturday, May 26th @ 9pm.

Aside for a Cinco De Mayo bash, **DVS** will be raising the roof for Sally and Tom's Fabulous Fifties Birthday Party on Saturday, May 19th @ 9pm. **Jody's Bar and Grill's** Cinco De Mayo celebration always promises to be one to remember, and be sure to watch for Wendy and Rachel's NASCAR Sunday schedule with a free brunch buffet and giveaways, including NASCAR jackets.

Soobie's is gonna double up on the Cinco De Mayo action with parties on Friday, May 4th and Saturday, May 5th. For more Cinco De Mayo action, stop by **The Last Chance Saloon** in Gervais, or you can spend your fiesta with the foxy kitties at **Wildcats** in Beaverton.

Stars Salem has got the babes, the booze, and the booty with their "Pirates of the Cabaret" on Saturday, May 19th—an evening of debauchery, pirate-style. Wear your pirate garb for FREE admission plus prizes for best costume, best treasure chest, and best booty. Featuring island party music

by Bad Fish Band and guest performances by adult film star Devon from the movie "Pirates" on Friday, May 18th and Saturday, May 19th.

Safari Showclub will be celebrating their 4-Year Anniversary Party Saturday, May 26th with free V.I.P. Dinner for all cardholders from 9-10pm, V.I.P. cabanas, bubble shows, and guest performances by local porn stars all night with free porn and vibrators provided by **Cathie's**.

Club Cabos—NOW OPEN! Newly remodeled, new ownership, and new management...now hiring dancers. Call Lee Baxter at the club for details, or check out Rockstar Promotions to book.

IT'S BAAAAAACK...The Dolphin Clubs present The Miss Nude Oregon 2007 Pageant, featuring \$4,000 in cash and prizes. Preliminaries begin on Thursday, May 10th @ Dolphin II, Semifinals Thursday, May 17th @ Dolphin I, and the Finals on Thursday, June 7th @ Dolphin II. All entries sign up at either Dolphin I or II.

Dream On Saloon will be hosting a contest of their own to become Dream On's ad girl and win \$100 cash. Guys might wanna stop by for Free Panty Wednesdays...one table dance, and you will own your favorite dancer's

panties! Plus \$2 all-you-can-eat buffet daily. All you can eat and panties for dessert—what more could you ask for? Now with in-house booking; call Rick today!

The events you've been waiting for are upon us at **Presley's Playhouse**. First up is The Porcelain Twinz Erotic Sex Show on Saturday, May 5th. This is followed by the big Grand Opening party with free sirloin or jumbo shrimp dinner and a chance to meet the 3 Olives Vodka Girls on Friday, May 11th. No cover charge until 8pm daily, with awesome new food specials.

Pallas Club is busting out with their Fimps and Hos Party on Saturday, May 19th with \$50 each for the best dressed Fimp and Ho. The Pallas is also hiring cooks, servers, and security as well. Other employment opportunities include **The Showboat** (Anchorage and Fairbanks, Alaska), which is now hiring dancers...a great opportunity to get away from the same old thing! Or for more local work, stop by **The Hawthorne Strip**, where daily auditions are available. And when you have the night off, over at **The Boom Boom Room**, Monday is Industry Night, offering entertainers and staff of the adult-entertainment unspeakable specials. (Did I say that out loud?)



PORCELAIN TWINZ

ELSEWHERE:

Jardin is now spotlighting two-girl specials plus discounted house fees on Sundays for only \$30. **Romeo's V.I.P. Club** is Salem's newest (and only) lingerie-modeling experience, with new huge private rooms, discreet parking, and incredible two-girl specials.

Fascinations is featuring a special all month long: Buy 2, get 1 free on DVDs priced \$24.99 or less. And our friends at **Taboo Video** are searching for their next ad model (must be 18 and over with photo-ID proof of age).

Thinking about a new look for the spring? **Hair Extensions** by Kim Wardle is offering \$200 off first-time hair-extension clients with a coupon from their ad. **MediaOriginals.com** is seeking adult entertainers and offering \$400 cash minimum for a one-hour shoot, oral only with a female producer on set.

That's all for now, Portland; we'll see ya at the rack.



THE TERM "ROCK STAR" has become synonymous with those who have celebrity status and take on more of a rebel attitude—especially those who really like to party! Ever heard the saying, "Party like a rock star?" It's not just a slogan for an energy drink.

The two biggest rock stars in Hollywood today are Quentin Tarantino and Robert Rodriguez. These two friends and co-collaborators have revolutionized modern cinema in ways that Spielberg and Coppola did in decades past. They have collectively flipped the finger at all the traditionalists out there and helped jump-start and revive the careers of more stars than anyone else today. Seriously, do you think John Travolta would be a name today after those *Look Who's Talking* movies if it weren't for *Pulp Fiction*? Don't get me started with Sam Jackson and his A-list career. The love that Tarantino and Rodriguez have for film of the 60's and 70's has developed into careers that have spawned great flicks and huge fan followings.

Which brings us to *Grindhouse*.

Grindhouse cinema came about in the 60's, starting primarily in answer to the studio system collapsing due to their monopolization of the industry. Grindhouses started popping up in major cities across the country; cheap theaters showing low-budget, exploitation-style cinema. Where there were no grindhouses available, there were drive-ins. Grindhouse cinema was cheap—exceptionally cheap—there were no stars, the scripts were not what you'd call high-quality, and the films would usually use the same cast and shoot several flicks simultaneously to garner as much as they could from their limited budgets. Few copies would be cut for these films, which meant short life spans and lots of damage from the poor quality of the places they were shown. Even the few surviving today and transferred to DVD show the wear and tear of years of overuse, and they sometimes need to be re-edited due to missing reels. But the value of these flicks was in the amount of exploitation that an unrated flick was able to include. Not so much skin flicks, these movies were filled with gratuitous amounts of nudity, sex, extreme violence, and gore! The whole point was an hour-and-a-half thrill ride!

So who better than the two rock stars of modern cinema, lovers of movies of a bygone generation and time, to bring us the masterpiece called *Grindhouse*? This movie, weighing in at around three-and-a-half hours, is a double feature, complete with fake commercials and trailers.

Grindhouse opens with a trailer filmed by Rodriguez called *Machete* where Danny Trejo plays the title role of a Mexican hitman who has been backstabbed by the guy who hired him, and I think this should be made into an actual full-length

film! This leads into the first feature of the double-feature extravaganza, *Planet Terror*. In this feature, people get infected by horrible diseases that turn them into zombie-esque

creatures spilling ooze and pus everywhere they go. It's a disgusting charnel house where the infected people swarm and tear people apart. There is even a scene where Quentin Tarantino portrays an infected soldier, and his junk melts and drops off as he's about to attempt to rape poor Cherry (played by Rose McGowan, who even as an amputee is smokin'-hot!). No amount of visual imagery is spared to disgust the audience and make them writhe in their seats. *Planet Terror* is full of schlock-movie dialogue and corniness and is the gorefest piece of this double feature.

In between the two features we get commercials for fine dining establishments and a few trailers directed by some of horror cinema's finest. Eli Roth directs a trailer for fictitious film *Thanksgiving*, where a serial killer runs amok in Plymouth on Thanksgiving Day. I don't think I'll ever eat turkey again. There is a piece done by Rob Zombie, twisting a classic grindhouse piece I once saw called *She-Devils of the SS* into a trailer for *She Werewolves of the SS*. Nicolas Cage as Fu Manchu was a genius stroke! Edgar Wright, the co-writer/director of *Shaun of the Dead*, does his turn on a film trailer called *Don't*. Which then leads us into the second feature, called *Deathproof*, in which Kurt Russell plays a stalker/serial killer named Stuntman Mike who likes to target groups of hot chicks, track them, stalk them, and kill them with his awesome stunt cars. This one feels a bit slower, but it has all of QT's classic dialogue style and I'm sure will add to current slang terms the same way his past flicks have, as well as one of the best auto-related death scenes ever filmed! You like car chases? Just about a third of this one is a car chase between two classic muscle cars, with a woman on the hood of one for over half of it! *Deathproof* also sports an awesome soundtrack much like his other films, receding back to easier times with some really groovy and sensual rock numbers the chicks can lap-dance to.

Every turn was taken to make this one an experience. The cameras zoom in and catch every spatter of gore, every sensuous curve of the femme fatales, every explosion, and every stunt is captured in all their glory! The stories are ludicrous and the dialogue camped-up to the extreme. It's almost more of a parody than an homage of grindhouse films, unless you've seen these flicks and have the same love for them that these guys do.

The best way to see this movie, now that it's spring and the drive-ins are open again, is to pile as many friends into a car or van as possible, hide as many as you can under blankets and coolers, bring a keg if you can, and make a party of it. Chances are if you're reading this you were conceived in the back of a car at a drive-in where your parents were ignoring a movie just like these to make out and fuck like rock stars.

Thumbs Up!





Pornography exists everywhere, of course, but when it comes into societies in which it's difficult for young men and women to get together and do what young men and women often like doing, it satisfies a more general need....While doing so, it sometimes becomes a kind of standard-bearer for freedom, even civilisation.

—Salman Rushdie, "The East is Blue," 2004

Inside Arab Teens you will get access to brand-new Arab girls straight out of Iraq...ready to show you what goes on when you're not allowed to fuck in public for decades and suddenly you can because Saddam is gone.

—Arab Teens website

PERHAPS THE MOST SIGNIFICANT CULTURAL FALLOUT of September 11, 2001, was the dawning realization that we can no longer ignore the Muslim world and must somehow find it in our hearts to jerk off to their women.

HOT MUSLIM TWAT!

**PORNOGRAPHY INVADES
THE ISLAMIC WORLD**

There is no more sexually repressed pooty-tang on earth than Islamic pooty-tang, and thus there is no pooty-tang that's sexier. Almost everywhere that the Star 'n' Crescent hold sway, you'll find Muslim vaginas squashed under a hairy Quranic thumb. From Malaysia to Bahrain, the hapless babes of Islam get blamed for any sexual savagery that befalls them. Rape victims are routinely slaughtered by relatives seeking to reclaim the family's dignity through an "honor killing." Under the Taliban, an Afghan woman was once beaten to death by a mob for accidentally exposing part of her arm. Every year, roughly 2,000 Bangladeshi ladies accused of "indecentcy" are permanently disfigured after acid is tossed in their faces. Egyptian gals suffer routine clit-clippings. In Saudi Arabia, you're allowed to kill your bitch merely for talking to another man.

And if you star in a porno in Iran, honey, they'll stone you to death.

Not an angry mob. The government will do it.

To Western reporters such as I, her name remains hidden beneath an invisible metaphoric burqa of secrecy. But in May of 2001, a 35-year-old Iranian woman was ritually washed by guards at Tehran's Evin prison, swaddled in a white shroud, and buried alive up to her armpits. She was then pelted to death with rocks which, according to the Iranian Penal Code, "should not be too large so that the person dies on being hit by one



or two of them [but not] so small either that they could not be defined as stones." Her gruesome demise was the culmination of eight years' imprisonment after being convicted of starring in a 1993 underground hardcore porno video. The film, described as having a grainy, home-movie quality, was thought to be the first specimen of pornographic cinema filmed in the Islamic Republic of Iran since 1979's bloody revolution. Although the film makers blacked out the actors' faces, investigators traced a serial number on a water meter filmed in the background. The hot Iranian twat was arrested, found guilty of "corruption on earth," and murdered by rocks carefully selected according to government guidelines. No word on what happened to any of the film's male actors. They were probably among the rock-throwers. Like I said, it sucks being a Muslim woman.

"I didn't want to insult Islam," pleaded Amal Kashua as she recovered in a hospital bed after being violently mobbed by Muslims in her Israeli hometown of Tira. A 38-year-old mother of eight and self-described drug addict, Kashua was the female star of 2002's *Yussuf and Fatima*, touted by its producers as "the first Israeli-Arab porno." *Yussuf and Fatima's* video box featured the couple posed erotically in front of a minaret. Kashua's costar and reputed husband, a Palestinian male known only as "Amir," was also beaten in the attack. "The whole town is satisfied and dissatisfied at once," said a Tira resident after the mobbing.

"Satisfied at what happened, because we tried to protect our honor, but on the other hand dissatisfied because she didn't die, nor her husband." Kashua's family posted a death decree against their daughter in the town square. "If I could, I would eat them both raw and spit them out," her brother told Israeli television.

The film's producer remained upbeat. "Since this whole story over *Yussuf and Fatima* broke out, we have sold hundreds of copies, most of them in the Arab sector," he told a reporter. "We may make another Arabic film. It pays."



ANYWHERE THAT YOU HAVE BOYS AND CAMERAS, you will have pornography. Muslim countries are no exception to this eternal principle, but the punishments are so over-the-top that very little porn is actually produced there. Most of it oozes in from the Evil Infidel West.

The Holy Quran explicitly condemns nearly all public displays of female flesh: "Al-rijal qawwamun 'ala al-nisa' bi ma faddala Allahu ba'duhum 'ala ba'din wa bi ma anfaqu min amwalihim."

Oh, wait—duh! You guys speak English! Sorry: "Good women are obedient. They guard their unseen parts because Allah has guarded them."

These "unseen parts" wield a strong erotic undertow among: 1) Muslim males who've never seen pictures of an unseen part; and 2) Western males who've never seen Muslim unseen parts.

Under this cultural exchange, Arabs get to finally see vaginas, and non-Arabs finally get to see Arab vaginas. Everybody wins!

The Middle East has the lowest per-capita Internet representation on earth. Even frickin' Africa has a higher quotient of people logging on. Still, a recent study concluded that 80% of all Internet traffic in Arab countries heads straight for the porn sites. And the mullahs are scrambling to stop it.

Responding to allegations that Asian female attendants were rendering sexual favors to clients at private Internet cubicles, Kuwaiti officials recently shut down 50 Internet cafés. Kuwait also recently outlawed Bluetooth software, alleging that men were using it to trade indecent photos on their camera phones.

In Yemen, all computer screens at Internet cafés must be turned so that the public can view them. If you try to access porn from any computer in the United Arab Emirates, a pop-up will announce that the site is on the "Emirates Internet Control List" and prohibited from public viewing. All Net traffic in Saudi Arabia passes through anti-porn filters at the King Abdul Aziz City for Science and Technology. In 2000, Saudi officials blocked access to all Yahoo! clubs, responding to reports that frisky Saudi citizens were using the clubs to swap nude snapshots.

Porn is so antithetical to the Islamic consciousness that Western invaders have repeatedly used it as part of their psy-ops programs. For no other apparent purpose than to outrage Muslims, the CIA reputedly hosts several "Islamic porn" sites depicting alleged Muslim women huffing cock and riding the baloney pony. In 2001, the website for militant Muslim group Hamas was hacked so that surfers were led to "Hot Motel Horny Sex Sluts." In 2002, an Islamic News Network TV program in the scaldingly fundamentalist Iranian province of Hamedan was interrupted with three minutes of hardcore sex. When Israeli troops occupied the West Bank town of Ramallah in 2002, they seized three of the city's four television stations and broadcast nonstop pornography. And after their pillaging of Fallujah in May of 2004, U.S. troops reportedly littered the deeply religious Iraqi city with thousands of hardcore porno pictures.

In the same month, two pro-Muslim websites as well as the venerable *Boston Globe* were hoaxed with pictures purportedly depicting American soldiers sexually brutalizing anguished Iraqi maidens. In reality, the pictures were from staged pornographic shoots featured on "Iraq Babes," a site hosted in Pennsylvania, and "Sex in War," which originates in Hungary. (Apparently, the faux raping of Muslim chicks has become a cottage online porno industry since the war started.) A Tunisian website mistakenly declared that the photos were part of the Abu Ghraib prison scandal, where, if you'll recall, American soldiers made actual S&M pornography using Muslim prisoners.

Yet I am not one to condemn our fine boys and girls over there doing a good job civilizin' the sand people. As Salman Rushdie said, pornography is a sign of civilization. A pox upon those who call us savage imperialists. We have liberated the Evil Bearded Caveman Middle East. We have brought them freedom and pornography, and more importantly, the freedom to view pornography. Triple-X videos are said to be doing brisk business in Baghdad's streets. And in once-prehistoric Afghanistan, satellite dishes are sprouting all over rooftops, tuned into hot naked action beamed from the wonderful, wonderful West. Phone sex is said to be all the rage in Saudi Arabia, and those crazy Turks have gone bonkers for gay porn.

Lift that burqa, baby. I wanna see what you got under there.

STARFUCKING FOR DUMMIES

by Elektro Luxx

Girls, Girls, Girls!

Are you fed-up with being mistreated by rock stars? Did that drunken blowjob in the bathroom make you feel inadequate? Was he making love to your organs and not you?

Does your ass hurt? Have chafing problems? Are you sick of being called a bawdy basket or bobtail? Through with thinking, "Why not me? I'm the hottest rump in this stinky club." Yes, you are—and you've had enough.

Luckily, Elektro has had some time to sit and ponder the great groupie conundrum. So before you get all hugged, remember there are answers to your pickle. Answers! The very reason this concoction of groupiedom improvements was created. So don't fret, my pets, I'm here to cheer your drear. Geez, get on with it:

1. At least pretend you're not stupid, you know? You're earthly, you're classy, and you can read, sometimes. So read up on the greats. Nothing makes a musician's dick hard like a dame that can chat it up about their favorite strummers. If you don't know, pretend. Laugh a lot, curb the subject. Give him some doe eyes. Even better? Get all frosted, like you can't even believe he doubts you.

2. Dye your hair. No rock stars screw dames who tote original hair color. Original hair color? Sick, disgusting, ewwww, it's just...unnatural.

3. ALWAYS carry accoutrements for touch-ups. No one is flawless, but you sure can appear perfect with the right instruments. Bars and clubs are dark; use this to your advantage. If you need some pantyhose to hold it in, then strap it down; it can be our secret. Red lipstick floors it and fucks it always.

4. Never screw less than two band members. At a minimum, the drummer and the bassist should be checked off your list. A friend of mine, the great groupie Greta Grape, she won't even leave a band's fandom without a 75 percent head count. You know what they call her now? The Triple G. What a dame!

5. Show up late to shows. Walk in with a hunk not associated with the band. You are in demand; you need to appear in demand. When you walk in, heads turn and they cast their eyeballs all over you. The vocalist trips on his words. The bassist misses a note. You're a classy jaw-dropping machine.

6. Get tattoos of the band's logo. No, don't really, I'm just teasing. Sheesh, if you have to, only on your rump, no bigger than the size of your palm.

7. Eat your green beans. Some gush is good, but few cats like 'em too big. I mean, we all know the story about the not so plump-delicious "Big Rosie," but that kind of action is once in a pop bottom and you're already pulling straws with the "only rock stars" thing. Vegetables aren't just for sex, they're for your diet, too. That's not to say you shouldn't mix food and sex; I mean, who doesn't get off while sitting on a warm plate of garlic mashed potatoes?

8. Get loose and lose your reputation. You must have no inhibitions about your reputation. You will never be a precious tart again. Reputations are total deadsville, anyway. Everyone's been clutched, and with your gorgeously dirty slate, it'll never matter again.

9. Get in orbit with the rock star's life. Date of birth, mother's maiden name. You never know when this information will come in handy. Stalk them—they love that.

10. Screw a married rock star. Better yet, become a road wife. Not just any kind of road wife—you're in charge of his guitar. Get circled to him, too; the other dame never has to know. You'll always have the dibs right when he is swinging.

11. Know the song is about you. Don't just wonder if that song is about you—the song is about you. Even when it's not, it is. You're radioactive. The song is fucking about you. There's a song about me. It says something like: "I want to slit your throat and fuck the wound."

12. Reconstruct your hymen with surgery. That's right, hymen reconstruction surgery. Born-again virgins are in, and you will be, too. Now, you must be careful in choosing the cat that gets to pop it; you don't want all that moolah to go to waste on a total dweeb.

13. Never befriend other groupies. Those groupies, they're only there for drunken rides home, when you're totally off your hopesotch. They're there to laugh at your jokes or to make out with when you're trying to catch some cat's eye.

14. Never get involved with rock-star threesomes or orgies. This just isn't a good idea, and it's not like you have need of a reputation, but you're putting all your biscuits in one basket with that kind of fun.

15. Give some compliments. Only after you're reeled in, of course; not too early—you are not a desperate dame. There's nothing harder than a rock star's ego, but boy does that ego love some womanly stroking. He'll be putty in your hands. If you time these compliments right, you'll be drowning in gold nuggets, too. What time is it now? It's time to go shop for some cute garbs.

16. Wear vampire teeth. Seriously, vampire teeth, so chic, like Gold Bond. They add sex where he'd never guess sex would be.

17. Eat 'em and leave 'em. Not all rock stars are super hunky, you know? So if you need to brush them off like a flake, do it. There are more rock-star fish in the band sea.

So girls, feel better now? My job is done, right? If you follow these baby steps, I promise you super-groupiedom. In fact, I'll buzz you a super groupie.

Now, I know you're saying—wait, what about the cats? Well, there's not much to that. If you're a dude, make sure you have some junk in your front trunk, a duck-butt hairdo, and a clean face. Unfair, right? Totally. But then again, they don't have all the fun.



BLESSED ARE THE STRONG

FROM INSIDE A GIANT WOODEN AUDITORIUM

blares the pumping tones of Christian rock, which sounds as if someone distilled everything bad about early '90s music and filtered it through the Virgin Mary's vagina.

As five hulka-saurii—one of them female—stomp through the rubble onstage, the audience shrieks for them to break more shit.

"Somebody say, 'POWER!'" screams a three-hundred-pound white gorilla named John Jacobs into the microphone.

"POWER!" howls the audience of three hundred or so rural Christians—one for each pound on Jacobs's Samsonlike physique.

In his mid-forties with ruddy skin and suspiciously blond hair, John Jacobs has helmed several incarnations of his musclemen-for-Christ freak show "Power Team" performance troupe since the late 1970s.

Over the course of a bombastically peppy ninety minutes, Jacobs and his current crew of buffed-out God Huns—these 'uns are called the "Next Generation Power Team"—will smash through high stacks of concrete bricks, bend jail-grade steel bars, rip telephone books in half, bite through license plates with their teeth, snap a series of baseball bats like toothpicks, roll a frying pan into a steel burrito, squeeze soda cans until they burst, break through police handcuffs, crack a wrench in half, and—always the crowd favorite—blow up a hot-water bottle until it bursts.

A seasoned showman, Jacobs reminds his audience that it's a "Pennsylvania hot-water bottle."

"Somebody say, POWER!" snarls Jacobs as he introduces tonight's executrix of the hot-water-bottle trick, an uncomfortably muscular woman in a doo-rag named Kathy.

They all scream "POWER!" again.

"This lady stands almost six feet tall," Jacobs pants, "she weighs 175 pounds and [has] six percent body fat. She was Miss Fitness USA. Ladies and gentlemen, she specialized in making bombs, weapons, and missiles. This lady can bench-press over 300 pounds. She loves Jesus with all of her heart."

On Sunday, the opening night of a four-day Power Team crusade out here near Amish country, Kathy did ten "military-style" push-ups while the Sasquatch-sized Jacobs stood on her back.

Tonight, Kathy's having a smidgen more trouble exploding the Pennsylvania hot-water bottle using only the force of her frighteningly butch lungs. As her Mighty-Mouse-shaped compadres begin

taunting the audience to scream louder, cupping their hands to their ears as if to say, I CAN'T HEAR YOU!, she finally pops the giant pink rubber baboon ass, and the crowd goes bonkers!

On Sunday when Kathy gave her testimony, she told us how she found Jesus while confined at an Okinawa mental hospital after gobbling some pills and slashing her wrists. She told us that as a little girl, she felt "murdered" by her father's incessant meanness. He'd call her a stupid, ugly, fat failure who would never amount to anything. Kathy turned to drugs, alcohol, bulimia, and "secret cutting" to blunt the pain, but it wasn't until she hit bottom that she "surrendered" to Christ and began basking in his groovy eternal love. After telling us all this, Kathy bent a steel bar and broke a baseball bat.

Tonight when the hot-water bottle finally exploded, part of the rubber stung her face, causing a huge welt to raise above her right eye almost instantly. When Jacobs asks her if she's all right, she smiles and says, "With Jesus, it's all good."

It's my personal belief that Kathy has merely swapped a dysfunctional relationship with her father for an abusive relationship with Jesus, and she needs to stop apologizing for the Lord's inexcusable behavior.

Same goes for the other Power Team muscle-plug who took the mic and explained the difference between knowing about Jesus and knowing him *personally*—like he does.

Hey, Kool-Aid Man, the problem is that you DON'T know Jesus personally. You could snap a car in half with your teeth, and you still wouldn't convince me that you've ever met or conversed with Jesus.

Same, too, applies for leader Jacobs and his long sermon about God being a shepherd who goes out of his way to rescue even one stinky sheep from hell's clutches. "How many know there's a desperation in God's heart if you're lost?" Jacobs pleads, stalking the stage. "How many think he doesn't want you to spend eternity in hell?"

Look, Squanto, if God's so fucking WORRIED about it, I think it'd be pretty easy for him to avert the situation, Him being God and all. Otherwise, what sort of weird S&M head games is he playing not only with us, but with Himself?

"I STARTED THIS WHOLE 'FEATS MINISTRY' CONCEPT IN 1978 OR 1979,"

an earnest and more soft-spoken John Jacobs tells me via telephone from his hurricane-battered Florida home a week after his Pennsylvania crusade ended. Jacobs says that before the late 1970s there were isolated cases of traveling preachers who engaged in feats of derring-do for the Lord—"One was a karate guy who chopped watermelons



the POWER TEAM smashes things to pieces...for JESUS!

off people with a sword"—but it wasn't until he devised the Musclebound Xtian Strike Force he labeled the Power Team that crushing bricks for God became a multi-million-dollar enterprise with international exposure.

At its peak, Jacobs and his original Power Team toured the world and starred in a weekly TV program called *Power Connection* on the Trinity Broadcasting Network. It was not unusual for John and the boys to pack ten-thousand-seat stadiums. As the millennium rolled around, they were forty-five performers strong, and the Power Team organization was banking an estimated four million bucks yearly.

But then the Lord tested Jacobs with a slew of misfortunes which at one point had him declaring bankruptcy while living in an apartment and driving a decidedly déclassé Ford Taurus. After divorcing his wife in 2000, his Power Team fell apart amid allegations of "sin issues," a hasty remarriage (and hastier annulment) to a new woman, and an assault charge (later dropped) against Jacobs by one Power Team member. Nearly all of the Power Team defected into new copycat groups calling themselves things such as "Omega Force" and "Team Impact." After Jacobs declared bankruptcy in 2002, a state-appointed trustee took over stewardship of the Power Team. The trustee now heads yet another group of brick-smashing Christian musclemen, these ones confusingly calling themselves...The Power Team.

Even more bizarre than the Power Team concept itself is the degree to which it has successfully mutated and replicated.

Down in Mississippi, a team called "Break-Force" describes their shtick as a "PRESENTATION OF DIFFERENT MARTIAL ARTS TECHNIQUES AND SKILLS, TUMBLING, ACROBATICS, MUSICAL FORMS, WEAPONS DEMONSTRATIONS, AND FEATS OF STRENGTH SUCH AS BOARD BRAKING, [sic] SMASHING OF 2' - 3' OF CONCRETE BLOCKS, BENDING STEEL BARS, TEARING OF METRO PHONE BOOKS, EXPLODING CANS OF 7-UP, BLOWING UP HOT WATER BOTTLES UNTIL THEY EXPLODE, BREAKING OF BATS AND DRIVING 16 PENNY NAILS WITH OUR BARE HANDS.... PROGRAM IS PRESENTED WITH FAST PAGED UP-BEAT CONTEMPORARY CHRISTIAN MUSIC." According to one writer, a "highlight" of any Break-Force show "is the team member who breaks his way out from behind a wall of concrete blocks doused in gasoline and set afire."

In Alabama, the "Truth Force" brags that "We put on a demonstration of strength that includes crushing walls of concrete blocks with our arms, hands and heads, snapping baseball bats,

ripping phonebooks in half, bending steel bars, squeezing soda cans until they explode, and lifts with heavy weights (one of my team members can bench press 600lbs!)....At the end of the program, I bring a challenging message and end with an altar call."

Virginia's "Power Source" puts on a show that highlights "Feats Of Strength... Breaking Boards...Bending STEEL Bars... Smashing Blocks...Crushing Soda Cans... Snapping Baseball Bats...Showing... GOD'S...Power!"

"It's foolish trying to put your head through concrete," Marc Wilkes of Florida's Omega Force once claimed, "but it's a way to spread the gospel."

In 2003, granddaddy of 'em all John Jacobs announced his retirement, issuing a statement that he wanted to "focus on identifying, clarifying, and letting the Lord refresh and purify him in several key areas." After an apparently brief spiritual bidet, Jacobs is now back with what for legal reasons is called the Next Generation Power Team—a smaller group playing smaller crowds for smaller donations, yet still big in bulk and on fire with the conviction that bending steel bars as if they were paper clips is an effective way to save souls from hell.

Personally, I'm still having trouble with such gladiatorial stunts in the name of a meek-shall-inherit-the-earth creed whose

original zealots were easily fed to the lions.

On the final night in Pennsylvania, Jacobs summoned the local church's spindly pastor to come onstage and attempt to drive his forearm through nine concrete bricks. Immediately after successfully crushing through the blocks and the crowd erupted like Thunderdome, the pastor's face assumed a triumphantly violent scowl that would have

been more at home at a pagan blood sacrifice than in a wooden makeshift church.

As much as they all tried to get me closer to Jesus, I wound up feeling as if Odin was breathing down my neck.

